

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME 1.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1851.

NUMBER 13.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
BARNES & ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.
Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, \$1.00.
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, 1.50.
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements
as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00.	1 square 1 year, \$5.00.
1 " 3 " 2.00.	1 column 1 " 20.00.
1 " 6 " 3.00.	1 " 1 month, 5.00.

Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-
ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-
dered out, and charged for. When a postponement
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

Particular attention given to Blank Print-
ing. Most kinds of Blanks in use, will be kept
constantly on hand.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1851.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, will attend
promptly to collecting and all other professional
business entrusted to his care. Office third door
below the Washington House, Washington st.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groce-
ries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—
Store, corner Washington and Water streets.
Grand Haven, Mich.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forwarding
and Commission Merchant, also Agent for
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

BALL & MARTIN, Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants. Grand Rapids, Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fancy
Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c., &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

WILLIAM M. FERRY, Dealer in Dry Goods,
Hardware, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Me-
dicines, Boots and Shoes. Also, Manufacturer and
dealer in Lumber. Water street, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding
& Commission Merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groce-
ries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

H. D. C. TUTTLE, M. D. Office, adjoining
Wm. M. Ferry's Store, Water street, Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Wash-
ington Street, Grand Haven.

LEVI SHACKLETON, Wholesale and Retail
dealer in Groceries, Provisions and Liquors.—
First door above H. Pennoyer's. Washington
Street, Grand Haven, Michigan.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and
Provisions. Washington Street, second door
East of the Ottawa House.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOYER.
The proprietor has the past Spring new-
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feels confident visitors will find the House
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL HOTEL, By HARRY EA-
TON. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WILLIAM ORIEL, Boot and Shoemaker.—
Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders
promptly attended to. Washington street, Grand
Haven, Michigan.

A. H. VREDENBURG, Boot and Shoemaker.
Shop over Wm. M. Ferry's store, Water street.

CHARLES W. HATHAWAY, Blacksmith. All
kinds of work in my line done with neatness and
dispatch at my shop. Mill Point, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Grif-
fin's Store.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney
for Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite
the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

I. O. O. F., Regular meetings of Ottawa Lodge
No. 46, is held every Wednesday evening, at their
Lodge Room in the Attic of the Washington
House. Members of the Order are cordially in-
vited to attend. Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Mich.

LINES BY THE LAKE SIDE.

The shadows round the inland sea
Are deepening into night;
Slow up the slopes of Ossipee
They chase the lessening light,
Tired of the long day's blinding heat,
I rest my languid eyes,
Lake of the Hills! where cool and sweet
Thy sunset waters lie!

Along the sky, in wavy lines,
O'er isle and beach and bay,
Green belted with eternal pines,
The mountains stretch away.
Below the maple masses sleep
Where shore and water blends,
While midway on the tranquil deep
The evening light descends.

So seemed it when yon hill's red crown
Of old the Indian trod,
And through the sunset air looked down
Upon the smile of God.*
To him, of light and shade the laws
No forest skeptic taught;
Their living and eternal Cause
His true instinct sought.

He saw these mountains in the light
Which now across them shines,
This lake, in summer sunset bright,
Walled round with somber pines.
God near him seemed; from earth and skies
His loving voice he heard,
As face to face in Paradise
Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, oh, our Father! that like him
Thy smile of love I see,
In radiant hill and woodland dim,
And tinted sunset sea.
For not in mockery dost thou fill
Our earth with light and grace,
Thou hid'st no dark and cruel Will
Behind Thy smiling face.

*Winnipiseogee, i. e., "Smile of the great spirit."

A MEXICAN QUICKSAND.

A few days afterward, another "adventure"
befell me; and I began to think that I was des-
tined to become a hero among the "mountain
men."

A small party of the traders—myself among
the number—had pushed forward ahead of the
caravan. Our object was to arrive at Santa Fe,
a day or two before the wagons, in order to have
every thing arranged with the governor for their
entrance into that capital. We took the route
by the Cimmaron.

Our road, for a hundred miles or so, lay thro'
a barren desert, without game, and almost with-
out water. The buffalo had already disappear-
ed, and the deer were equally scarce. We had
to content ourselves on the dried meat which
we had brought from the settlements. We were
in the deserts of the *Artemisa*. Now and then
we could see a stray antelope bounding away
before us, but keeping far out of range. They,
too, seemed to be unusually shy.

On the third day after leaving the caravan, as
we were riding near the Cimmaron, I thought I
observed a pronged head disappearing behind a
swell in the prairie. My companions were skep-
tical, and would none of them go with me; so,
wheeling out of the trail, I started alone. One
of the men—for Gode was behind—kept charge
of my dog, as I did not choose to take him with
me, lest he might alarm the antelopes. My horse
was fresh and willing; and whether success-
ful or not, I knew that I could easily over-
take the party by camping time.

I struck directly toward the spot where I had
seen the object. It appeared to be only half a
mile or so from the trail. It proved more dis-
tant—a common illusion—in the crystal atmos-
phere of these upland regions.

A curiously-formed ridge—a coteau des prai-
ries, on a small scale—traversed the plain from
east to west. A thicket of cactus covered part
of its summit. Toward this thicket I directed
myself.

I dismounted at the bottom of the slope, and
leading my horse silently up among the cacti-
plants, tied him to one of the branches. I then
crept cautiously through the thorny leaves to-
ward the point where I fancied I had seen the
game. To my joy, not one antelope, but a
brace of those beautiful animals, was quietly
grazing beyond; but alas! too far off for the
carry of my rifle. They were fully three hun-
dred yards distant, upon a smooth grassy slope.
There was not even a sage-bush to cover me,
should I attempt to "approach" them. What
was to be done?

I lay for several minutes, thinking over the
different tricks known in hunter-craft for taking
the antelope. Should I imitate their call?—
Should I hoist my handkerchief, and try to lure
them up? I saw that they were too shy; for,
at short intervals, they threw up their graceful
heads, and looked inquiringly around them. I
remembered the red blanket on my saddle. I
could display this upon the cactus-bushes—per-
haps it would attract them.

I had no alternative; and was turning to go
back for the blanket; when, all at once, my eye
rested upon a clay-colored line running across
the prairie, beyond where the animals were
feeding. It was a break in the surface of the
plain—a buffalo road—or the channel of an
arroyo; in either case the very cover I wanted
—for the animals were not a hundred yards
from it; and were getting still nearer to it as
they fed.

Creeping back out of the thicket, I ran along
the side of the slope toward a point, where I
had noticed that the ridge was depressed to the
prairie level. Here, to my surprise, I found my-
self on the banks of a broad arroyo, whose wa-
ter—clear and shallow—ran slowly over a bed
of sand and gypsum.

The banks were low—not over three feet a-
bove the surface of the water—except where the
ridge impinged upon the stream. Here there
was a high bluff; and hurrying around its base,
I entered the channel; and commenced wading
upward.

As I had anticipated, I soon came to a bend,
where the stream, after running parallel to the
ridge, swept round and canoned through it.—
At this place I stopped; and looked cautiously
over the bank. The antelopes had approached
within less than rifle range of the arroyo; but
they were yet far above my position. They were
still quietly feeding, and unconscious of danger.
I again bent down, and waded on.

It was a difficult task, proceeding in this way.
The bed of the creek was soft and yielding, and

I was compelled to tread slowly and silently, lest
I should alarm the game; but I was cheered in
my exertion by the prospect of fresh venison for
my supper.

After a weary drag of several hundred yards
I came opposite to a small clump of wormwood
bushes, growing out of the bank. "I may be
high enough," thought I "these will serve for
cover."

I raised my body gradually, until I could see
through the leaves. I was in the right spot.

I brought my rifle to a level; sighted for the
heart of the buck; and fired. The animal leaped
from the ground, and fell back lifeless.

I was about to rush forward, and secure my
prize, when I observed the doe—instead of run-
ning off as I had expected—go up to her fallen
partner, and press her tapering nose to his body.
She was not more than twenty yards from me;
and I could plainly see that her look was one of
inquiry, and bewilderment! All at once, she
seemed to comprehend the fatal truth; and
throwing back her head, commenced uttering
the most piteous cries—at the same time run-
ning in circles around the body!

I stood wavering between two minds. My
first impulse had been to reload, and kill the
doe; but her plaintive voice entered my heart,
disarmed me of all hostile intentions. Had I
dreamed of witnessing this painful spectacle, I
should not have left the trail. But the mischief
was now done. "I have worse than killed her,"
thought I, "it will be better to dispatch her at
once."

Actuated by the principles of a common, but
to her fatal, humanity, I rested the butt of my
rifle, and reloaded. With a faltering hand I a-
gain leveled the piece, and fired.

My nerves were steady enough to do the
work. When the smoke floated aside, I could
see the little creature bleeding upon the grass—
her head resting against the body of her mur-
dered mate!

I shouldered my rifle, and was about to move
forward, when, to my astonishment, I found that
I was caught by the feet! I was held firmly, as
if my legs had been screwed in a vice!

I made an effort to extricate myself—another,
more violent, and equally unsuccessful—and,
with a third, I lost my balance, and fell back up-
on the water!

Half-suffocated, I regained my upright posi-
tion; but only to find that I was held as fast as
ever.

Again I struggled to free my limbs. I could
neither move them backward nor forward—to
the right nor to the left; and I became sensible
that I was gradually going down. Then the fear-
ful truth flashed upon me—I was sinking in a
quicksand!

A feeling of horror came over me. I renewed
my efforts with the energy of desperation.—
I leaned to one side, then to the other, almost
wrenching my knees from their sockets; my feet
remained fast as ever. I could not move them
an inch.

The soft clings already overtopped my
horse-skin boots, wedging them around my an-
kles, so that I was unable to draw them off;
and I could feel that I was still sinking, slowly
but surely, as though some subterranean mon-
sters were leisurely dragging me down! This
very thought caused me a fresh thrill of horror;
and I called aloud for help! To whom! There
was no one within miles of me—no living thing.
Yes! the neigh of my horse answered me from
the hill mocking my despair!

I bent forward, as well as my constrained po-
sition would permit; and, with frenzied fingers,
commenced tearing up the sand. I could barely
reach the surface; and the little hollow I was
able to make, filled up almost as soon as it had
been formed.

A thought occurred to me. My rifle might
support me, placed horizontally. I looked a-
round for it. It was not to be seen. It had sunk
beneath the sand!

Could I throw my body flat, and prevent my-
self from sinking deeper? No. The water was
two feet in depth. I should drown at once!

This last hope left me as soon as formed. I
could think of no plan to save myself. I could
make no further effort. A strange stupor seized
upon me. My very thoughts became paral-
yzed. I knew that I was going mad. For a mo-
ment I was mad.

After an interval, my senses returned. I made
an effort to rouse my mind from its paralysis, in
order that I might meet death—which I now be-
lieved to be certain—as a man should.

I stood erect. My eyes had sunk to the prai-
rie level, and rested upon the still bleeding vic-
tims of my cruelty. My heart smote me at the
sight. Was I suffering a retribution of God?

With humbled and penitent thoughts, I turned
my face to heaven, almost dreading that some
sign of omnipotent anger would scowl upon me
from above. But no. The sun was shining as
bright as ever; and the blue canopy of the world
was without a cloud.

I gazed upward, and prayed, with an earnest-
ness known only to the hearts of men in posi-
tions of peril like mine.

As I continued to look up, an object attracted
my attention. Against the sky, I distinguished
the outlines of a large dark bird. I knew it to
be the obscene bird of the plains—the buzzard-
vulture. Whence had it come? Who knows?
Far beyond the reach of human eye, it had seen,
or scented, the slaughtered antelopes; and on
broad silent wing, was now descending to the
feast of death.

Presently another, and another, and many oth-
ers, mottled the blue field of the heavens, curv-
ing and wheeling silently earthward. Then, the
foremost swooped down upon the bank; and, af-
ter gazing around for a moment, flapped off to-
ward its prey.

In a few seconds the prairie was black with
filthy birds, who clambered over the dead antel-
opes; and beat their wings against each other,
while they tore out the eyes of the quarry with
their feebly beaks.

And now came gaunt wolves—sneaking and
hungry—stealing out of the cactus-thicket; and
loping, coward-like, over the green swells of the
prairie. These, after a battle, drove away the
vultures; and tore up the prey—all the while
growling and snapping venomously at each other.

"Thank heaven! I shall at least be saved from
this!"

I was soon relieved from the sight. My eyes
had sunk below the level of the bank. I had
looked my last on the fair green earth. I could
now see only the clayey walls that contained
the river, and the water that ran unheeding past
me.

Once more I fixed my gaze upon the sky; and,
with prayerful heart, endeavored to resign my-
self to my fate.

In spite of my endeavors to be calm, the mem-
ories of earthly pleasures, and friends, and home
came over me—causing me, at intervals, to break
into wild paroxysms, and make fresh though
fruitless struggles.

Again I was attracted by the neighing of my
horse.

A thought entered my mind, filling me with
fresh hopes. "Perhaps my horse—"

I lost not a moment. I raised my voice to its
highest pitch; and called the animal by name.—
I had tied him but slightly. The cactus-limb
would snap off. I called again, repeating words
that were well known to him. I listened with
a bounding heart. For a moment there was si-
lence. Then I heard the quick sounds of his
hoofs, as though the animal was rearing and strug-
gling to free himself. Then I could distinguish
the stroke of his heels, in a measured and regu-
lar gallop!

Nearer came the sounds—nearer and clearer,
until the gallant brute bounded out on the bank
above me. There he halted, and flinging back
his tossed mane, uttered a shrill neigh. He was
bewildered, and looked, upon every side, snort-
ing loudly!

I knew that, having once seen me, he would
not stop until he had pressed his nose against
my cheek—for this was his usual custom. Hold-
ing out my hands, I again uttered the magic
words.

Now looking downward he perceived me;
and, stretching himself, sprang out into the
channel. The next moment I held him by the
bridle!

There was no time to be lost. I was still go-
ing down; and my arm-pits were fast nearing the
surface of the quicksand.

I caught the lariat; and, passing it under the
saddle-girths, fastened it in a tight, firm knot.—
I then looped the trailing end, making it secure
around my body. I had left enough of the rope,
between the bit-ring and the girths, to enable
me to check and guide the animal—in case the
drag upon my body should be too painful.

All this while the dumb brute seemed to com-
prehend what I was about. He knew, too, the
nature of the ground on which he stood; for, dur-
ing the operation, he kept lifting his feet alterna-
tely to prevent himself from sinking.

My arrangements were at length completed;
and, with a feeling of terrible anxiety, I gave my
horse the signal to move forward. Instead of
going off with a start, the intelligent animal
stepped away slowly, as though he understood
my situation! The lariat tightened—I felt my
body moving, and the next moment, experienc-
ed a wild delight—a feeling I can not describe
—as I found myself dragged out of the sand!

I sprang to my feet with a shout of joy. I
rushed up to my steed; and throwing my arms
around his neck, kissed him with as much deli-
ght as I would have kissed a beautiful girl.—
He answered my embrace with a low whinper,
that told me I was understood.

I looked for my rifle. Fortunately it had not
sunk deeply, and I soon found it. My boots were
behind me, but I staid not to look for them—
being smitten with a wholesome dread of the
place where I had left them.

I was not long in retreating from the arroyo;
and, mounting, I galloped back to the trail.
It was sundown before I reached the camp;
where I was met by the inquiries of my won-
dering companions: "Did you come across the
'goats'?" "Where's your boots?" "Whither
have you been hunting or fishing?"

I answered all these questions by relating my
adventures; and, for that night, I was again the
hero of the camp-fire. [Capt. Reid.]

ONE.—One hour lost in the morning by ly-
ing in bed, will put back all the business of the
day.

One hour gained by rising early is worth one
month of labor in a year.

One hole in the fence will cost ten times as
much as it will do to fix it at once.

One diseased sheep will spoil a flock.

One unruly animal will learn all others in
company bad tricks, and the Bible says, "One
sinner destroys much good."

One drunkard will keep a family poor and
make them miserable.

One wife that is telling how fine her neigh-
bor dresses, and how little she can get will
look less pleasant if she talks about something
else.

One husband that is penurious or lazy, and
deprives his family of necessary comforts, such
as their neighbors enjoy, is not as desirable a
husband as he ought to be.

One good newspaper is one good thing in ev-
ery family.

One spirit-rapper will make twenty supersti-
tious fools drones.

C. C. Burr, the biologist, rap-exposer, &c.,
has become an editor of a whig paper at Elmi-
ra, N. Y. He is only taking his old stride from
one humbug to another.

Mr. Mccaulay has at length completed two
more volumes of his History of England, and
they will be published the coming autumn by
Longmans of London, (and simultaneously, we
presume, by the Messrs. Harpers.)

In general conversation, our unfavorable opin-
ions of others should seldom be expressed—
our suspicions never.

When a man passes a day without reflection,
he may well exclaim at night, "I fear that I
have done something wrong."

Barnum's travelling Museum, will be in De-
troit next month.

Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, formerly of Rochester,
has been elected Assistant Bishop of Illinois.

FIX YOUR MIND.—Lay it down as a sound
maxim—nothing can be accomplished without
a fixed purpose—a concentration of mind and
energy. Whatever you attempt to do, wheth-
er it be the writing of an essay, or whittling of
a plug, let it be done as well as you can do it.
It was this habit that made Franklin and New-
ton, and hundreds whose labors have been of
incalculable service to mankind. Fix your
mind closely and intently on what you under-
take—in no other way can you have a reason-
able hope of success. An energy that dies in
a day is good for nothing—an hour's fixed
attention will never avail. The inventions that
bless mankind were not the result of a few mo-
ments' thought and investigation. A lifetime
has often been given to a single object. If you
then, have a desire to bless your species, or to
get to yourself a glorious name, fix your mind
upon something, and let it remain fixed until
your object is accomplished.

NATURE.—Nature will be reported. All
things are engaged in writing her history. The
planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow.
The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the soil,
the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and
leaf its modest epitaph in the coal. The falling
drop makes its sculpture in the sand or the
stone; not a footprint into the snow, or along
the ground, but prints in characters more or less
lasting a map of its march. Every act of man
inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows,
and in his own face. The air is full of sound,
the tokens; the ground is all memoranda and
signature, and every object is covered over with
hints, which speaks to the intelligent.

Mrs. Swisshelm gives the following unique
character to Geo. Lippard's writing. Lippard
must feel highly complimented:

We know no name for your style, and have
not learned that any critic invented any other
than the "Lippard Style," which must mean a
style that requires the writer to be born with
St. Vitus' dance, to be inoculated for the Delir-
ium Tremens, take the night mare in the natu-
ral way, get badly frightened at a collection of
snakes, and write under the combined influence
of these manifold causes of inspiration.

GOING HOME.—Frederika Bremer, the Sweed-
ish Novelist, will start for home in the Atlantic
on Saturday next. Miss Bremer has been here
some two years, during which time she has trav-
eled in all the Atlantic and Mississippi States,
and has seen much of American society and
scenery. Soon after her return she will publish
her notes and observations, and Mary Howitt
will translate and publish at London an English
edition. Miss Bremer will leave many warm
friends in this country. [Tribune.]

NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS.—The returns of
the census, show that 106 newspapers were pub-
lished in the city of New York in 1850; having
an aggregate circulation of 82,368,473 sheets.
Fourteen were printed daily, fifty-eight weekly,
and fourteen monthly. The daily circulation
amounted to 153,621—the weekly to 425,200
—and the monthly to 401,800. This enumera-
tion is strictly confined to newspapers, and
does not include the numerous periodicals in
other shapes.

One of the wealthiest farmers on the Con-
necticut, tells the following story:

"When I first came here to settle, about forty
years ago, I told my wife I meant to be rich;
she said she did not want to be rich—all she
wanted was enough to make her comfortable.
I went to work and cleared up my land. I've
worked hard ever since, and have got rich—as
rich as I want to be. Most of my children have
settled about me, and they all have good farms.
But my wife ain't comfortable yet."

A highwayman named Bollard, confined in
Newgate, sent to know how he could defer his
trial, and was answered, by getting apotheca-
ries to make affidavit of his illness. This was
accordingly done in the following manner:

"The deponent verily believes, that if the said
John Bollard is obliged to take his trial at the
ensuing session, he will be in imminent danger
of his life."

To which the learned Judge on the bench re-
plied, "that he verily believed so too!"

The Springfield Post says that there are living
in the town of Lunenburg, in Massachusetts,
at the present time, forty-eight persons who
were living when the Declaration of Indepen-
dence was made. Several of them are over
ninety years old. The entire population of the
town is but 1,300.

Virtue which parleys is sure to surrender.
The heart is a child, it hopes what it wishes.
When you visit a blind man shut your eyes.
Two of a trade seldom agree.</